

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

AMELIA NEVILLE;  
A TRUE STORY: BY MR. HAYLEY.

Mrs. WORMWOOD was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive asperity, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendour. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life, and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection.

The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing many suitors discarded; and by the insensate avarice of her father, she was naturally led into habits of artifice and intrigue. Possessing an uncommon share of very shrewd and piercing wit, with the most profound hypocrisy, she contrived to please, and to blind her plodding old parent; who perpetually harangued on the discretion of his daughter, and believed her a miracle of reserve and prudence. She was said to have amused herself with a great variety of amorous adventures, which eluded the observation of her father; but of the many lovers who sighed to her in secret, not one could tempt her into marriage, and, to the surprise of the public, the rich heiress of Mr. Wormwood reached the age of thirty-seven, without changing her name. Just as she arrived at this mature season of life, the opulent old gentleman took his leave of a world, in which he had acted a busy part, pleased with the idea of leaving a large fortune, as a monument of his industry, but wanting the superior satisfaction, which a more generous parent would probably have derived from the happy establishment of a daughter. He gained, however, from the hypocrisy of Winifred, what he could not claim from her affection, the honour of being lamented with a profusion of tears. She distinguished herself by displaying all the delicate gradations of filial sorrow; but re-

covered, at a proper time, all the natural gaiety of her temper, which she had now the full opportunity of indulging, being mistress of a magnificent mansion, within a mile of a populous town, and enabled to enliven it with all the arts of luxury, by inheriting such accumulated wealth, as would safely support the utmost efforts of provincial splendour. Miss Wormwood now expected to see every bachelor of figure and consequence suppliant at her feet: she promised herself no little entertainment in sporting with their addresses, without the fear of suffering from a tyrannical husband, as she had learned caution from her father, and had privately resolved not to trust any man with her money; a resolution the more discreet, as she had much to apprehend, and very little to learn, from so dangerous a master! The good natured town, in whose environs the rich Winifred resided, very kindly pointed out to her no less than twenty lively beaux for her choice; but, to the shame or the honour of those gentlemen, they were too timid, or too honest to make any advances. The report of her youthful frolics, and the dread of her sarcastic wit, had more power to repel than her person and her wealth had to attract. Passing her fiftieth year, she acquired the serious name of Mistress, without the dignity of a wife, and without receiving a single offer of marriage from the period in which she became the possessor of so opulent a fortune.

Whether this mortifying disappointment had given a peculiar asperity to her temper, or whether malevolence was the earlier characteristic of her mind, I will not pretend to determine; but it is certain, that from this autumnal or rather wintry season of her life, Mrs. Wormwood made it her chief occupation to amuse herself with the most subtle devices of malicious ingenuity, and to frustrate every promising scheme of affection and delight, which she discovered in the wide circle of her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness, which she found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast its success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendour in which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary; her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own: yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit, supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with

wanton inuendos of so subtle a nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them: she had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually disguised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of lady Macbeth:—

"Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it!"

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure:—

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated those amusing matrimonial projects which the young and the beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely, inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Neville, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, who, closing a laborious and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an old maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother: she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened, which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of her aunt, the most friendly asylum, and a relation whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature, as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any lower order of life: she gave her the education of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope, that her various attractions must supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia happily settled in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty, which was her only inheritance. —Heaven disposed it otherwise. This

amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource; and exposed to penury with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector.

A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented; and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. "Amelia," they cried, "is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?" Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to feel its influence, and suffered the painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends, by whose generosity she subsisted: she wished, a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress at one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to effect it.

Almost two years had elapsed since the death of her aunt, and, without any prospect of marriage, she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Neville resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen; than at any other season. This, indeed, was true, and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance fully sufficient to



awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery; she understood the truth of Pope's maxim,

"He hurts me most who lavishly commends,"

and she therefore made use of lavish commendation, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste, and ridiculed the choice of every new married man, and declared herself convinced, that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that lovely young woman. To more than one gentleman she said, "You must marry Amelia; and, as few men choose to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise."

Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event, and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman, who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great, but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage, with a very beautiful young lady, when the house, in which she resided, was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins. Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. The plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expenses very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel, whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames. Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also, in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and, residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity, to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister. Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and

firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution; and nothing, she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia; she saw nothing that authorized such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues of Mr. Nelson; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection. Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly, engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of that gentleman, and with the most perfect imitation of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with Miss Neville in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner time, that she might not show it to her friend and confidant, Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed in reading the note, and, in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood; who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little embarrassed by the business of the tea table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an

exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendour of such insufferable beauty, and hastily terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertain, of an imaginary lover: but finding these remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia, and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder.

Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent inquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Neville was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends. Mr. Nelson, observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood; who immediately flew to the chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia had, indeed, retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood, and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural to a delicate mind in arraigning itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that that lady was engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk for the purpose of composing her spirits; but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity; and, as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was, indeed, in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, "Good Heaven! my dear child, for what have you been crying?" "Because," replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears, "because I am a fool."—Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed: and, expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper.—"There," said she, "is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson; it is a forgery of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real."

The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. "Do not fancy," replied Amelia, "that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though him I think the most pleasing, as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence, in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector."—"Those arms are now open to receive you," said a voice that was heard before

the speaker appeared. Amelia started at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased in seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who, entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification: she was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man, from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak:—and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation.

Mr. Nelson had observed the sarcastic manner of Mrs. Wormwood towards Amelia, and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. "I am acquainted," said he, "with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Neville, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support a servant." Mrs. Melford was transported at this idea; and recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow-window, which commanded the street in which she lived, "Thank Heaven!" she cried, "here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness." Nelson, who delighted most in doing good by stealth, immediately extorted from the good old lady a promise of secrecy: it was the best part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. "I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend," said Nelson; "your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Neville see me here to-night."—"Well," said the delighted old lady, "I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will, probably, not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden: I will not say you are here: and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexation."—"Admirably settled," cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led through a glass door into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and least expensive flowers, which afforded a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprise; and she enabled the



tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they lost for some time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of Heaven. "That," replied the affectionate Nelson, "I am most willing to allow; but you must grant, that Heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a devil converted into the torment of its possessor, I must beg, that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood." Amelia pleaded the sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness; but she submitted to the urgent entreaties of Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend: he announced in person to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous old maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest: whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprise and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised. Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings; an event which preyed so incessantly on the spirit of Mrs. Wormwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life: a memorable example that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy that very happiness which it labours to prevent.

## THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who lose and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

**On the superstitions of the Highlands.**—It is generally believed by the lower classes in the Highlands, that there is such a thing as an *unpropitious* or *evil eye*. This opinion was also prevalent among the ancient Romans. This fascinating glance is thought not only to extend to quadrupeds, but man also is believed to be subject to its power; and in order to avert its baneful effects, recourse is frequently had by those who imagine themselves under its unpropitious influence, to persons who are supposed to be possessed of charms capable to relieve the hypochondriac patient. The most prompt cure, however, is thought to be the drinking of water into which a piece of silver is put, or of salt and water. In diseases incident to cattle, such as when they happen in spring to part with their calves, or in summer when the milk, is not so productive of butter or of cheese as might be expected; in such cases, it is believed that the cattle are suffering under the influence of a fascinating eye, and application is accordingly made to persons who can cure the distemper by spells or incantations. The writer of this has seen one of these sophists; he resides in the district of Appin, Argyleshire, and to him recourse is generally had to avert the

calamities of an evil eye from flocks and herds, and not unfrequently by people of superior information and knowledge. By remitting to this person a small fee, he, without seeing or visiting the injured flock, is believed to effect their cure. In troubles, also, incident to man, such as temporary derangement, melancholy or depression of spirits, the same person is applied to; upon which occasions he never fails to assure the applicants, that those afflicted are under the influence of witchcraft, and has recourse to charms to alleviate the disease.

From the same credulity has proceeded the opinion entertained by many, of the merits attributed to certain transparent globular stones, resembling the eye of an ox, preserved by many families in the Highlands, called in the vernacular language of the country, *Leugan*. The narrator many years since has seen one of these, in the possession of a very respectable family in Cowal, Argyleshire, with whose ancestors it has been for time immemorial. It was of the size and appearance already described, and elegantly set in silver, which probably may still be retained in the family as an object of curiosity. These *Leugan* were reckoned efficacious in removing the influence of an evil eye. When used for this purpose, they were immersed in water, which was afterwards sprinkled upon the animal affected, and this simple operation was believed to remove the disease.

Divining by the corn-sieve or riddle, is still in vogue among the Highlanders; and not many years ago, a man who dwelt in this species of divination lived between Lochgilphead and Inverluel. He was consulted in cases of lingering illness, of thefts and losses, &c. and like all diviners, took care that his imposition should be promptly paid for.

The Highlanders, like the Romans, who were much addicted to superstition, observe a certain day in the year, which is denominated in their language, "*La seachanta na bliadhna*," i. e. Dies anni vitanda. On that day they will not enter upon any enterprise, nor commence any operation of moment. To begin to till their fields on that day would blast the hopes of a future crop, and setting out on a journey by land, or on a voyage by sea, would be equally unpropitious. The position of certain animals also, when seen for the first time in a year, is regarded by them as ominous.

The Highlanders have long believed that good or bad luck is connected with certain species of wood. The mountain ash is considered by them as the most propitious of trees; and in such fishing boats as are rigged with sails, a pin of this wood for fastening the haul-yard to, has been held of indispensable necessity. Sprigs of the mountain-ash, in diseases of cattle, and when malt yields not a due proportion of spirits, are considered a sovereign remedy. An old medical man who lived at Lochawe-side turned this superstition to account. During the course of a long practice, he sold mountain ash sprigs, accompanied with proper prescriptions, for such sums, that his son was reputed rich, and his grandson is now a landed proprietor.

As the luminaries of heaven attracted the veneration of all men, the Highlanders believed their influence to be great. "*Rìgh na Greine*," *Rex Solis*, is one of the titles of the Supreme Being in their language. When they are setting out on a voyage, or leaving the shore to go to the fishing ground, they take care to turn their boat from north to east, or from east to west, following the course of the sun; to turn it the contrary way would in their estimation be very unlucky.

It may be worthy of note, that old and indigent women are more commonly suspected of witchcraft than the young.

The belief in wizards is not so general as in witches. Why there should be more witches than wizards, I never heard any alleged satisfactory reason. Of the former it is believed that they are able at pleasure to change themselves into hares, in which shape, *si fiducia detur verbis*, they have been seen frisking among cattle, and sucking their dugs. When under this transformation, it has frequently happened that they have been pursued by dogs and sportsmen, when they were obliged to fly for safety to the nearest barn or byre: or if less fortunate, in order to avoid being shot or devoured by dogs, they have often been obliged to resume their natural shape.

There are various other minor superstitious observances which generally influence human conduct in the Highlands. Upon the delivery of a woman in childbirth, when the neighbouring matrons first come to pay their congratulatory visit, they deem it unlawful to touch the newborn infant, until they purify themselves, by taking a fiery torch or burning ember from the fire, which they cross or circulate round them, then throwing it into the fire, and spitting after it, they exclaim, "*Come, my love*," and then take the child in their arms. The power of fairies to carry off women in travail is not doubted, to prevent which the midwife enjoins an iron chain suspended from the roof of cottages, called the *crook*, upon which they dress their virtuous, to be three times carried round the fire; this ceremony is also believed to render the birth propitious. Upon delivery the mother is most sedulously watched for eight days, after which the same careful attention is paid to the child. To prevent faeries from injuring children, various expedients are resorted to, the most efficacious of which is, to fasten a circular iron brooch, of the size of a penny piece, in the child's frock, where it continues to be worn for years. Should occasion require that the parent should leave her child when sleeping, an old rusty sword is placed under its bed or cradle: or should she not be possessed of this, the milking dish, with a parcel of old keys thrown into it, is used for the same purpose. Frequently also, the shirt which the child wore when baptized is kept on for weeks, as it is considered to be a preventive against the power of fairies. The new moon is also an object of superstitious regard. Upon seeing her for the first time after the monthly change, old men generally uncover, and implore the divine blessing upon her.

To these instances of superstitious credulity, may be added the prevalent custom of a Highlander's refusing to accommodate his neighbour with fire upon the first day of summer, old style, should he require it. The favour is not only positively denied, but the applicants are viewed with jealousy; because they are believed to be actuated by sinister motives. This fancy I take to be a relic of Druidism, for it was customary with the priests of that persuasion, to assemble the people upon that day, to rejoice, and to celebrate the return of the warm season; when they kindled fire from the collective heat of the sun's rays, which they distributed to such as were of irreproachable character, but refused to those who were guilty of crimes.

Perhaps the custom of bringing insane persons, and outrageous maniacs, from every part of the country to the Water of Strathfillan in Perthshire, may be ascribed to the same superstitious notions. Persons of this description, when brought there, are first precipitated into the water from a rock which projects into the river; after which they are carried within the area of an old ruinous chapel, where they are bound, and left for the night. Should any of them be found disengaged from their fetters next morning, it is thought that they may have been set at liberty by the tutelary genius of

the place; in which case, they are considered to be cured of their troubles, and restored to the exercise of right reason.

**Political Puns.**—Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a State to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably, at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice:—The chevaliers, during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send this *Crum well* down!"—A royalist divine, during the protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver.—"O Lord, who has put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, put it into his heart also—to do according to thy word." He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under tone.

About the year 1700, Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburg, animated solely by literary curiosity, devoted himself and his fortune to its gratification. He went to China, to instruct himself in the language, and whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a mandarin in its difficult language; nor did the form of his Dutch face undecieve the physiognomists of China. He even succeeded to the dignity of a mandarin; he travelled through the provinces under this character, and was returning to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of 30 years, when a shipwreck overwhelmed the whole of his treasures in the ocean. It was one of the greatest losses, says Voltaire, the republic of letters ever suffered.

**Mr. Gainsborough**, brother of the celebrated Painter, and who was a dissenting minister at Henley upon Thames, possessed as strong a genius for mechanics, as the artist had for painting. When he died, all his models of machines, dials, engines, &c. came into the hands of Mr. Gainsborough, of Pall-mall, London, who gave them to Mr. Thicknesse. Among them was a clock of a very peculiar construction; it told the hour by a little ball, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock into a little ivory bucket. This was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet, which was discharged as the former. This was evidently an attempt at the perpetual motion, which he thought attainable. There was also the model of a steam engine, which a crafty man surreptitiously obtained a sight of and pirated; and a curious sun-dial, the apparatus of which could not have been made by a mathematical instrument-maker for fifty guineas. The sun-dial Mr. Thicknesse presented to the British Museum, and he had the Governor's thanks for enriching it with so valuable a curiosity.

The Mayor of Norwich and a party of friends, somewhat "flushed with the juice of the Tuscan grape," having gone to the Theatre a few years ago, to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Richard III.*, they entered the house just as *Richard* exclaimed, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" when one of the Gentlemen facetiously replied, "I have not a horse, but (clapping his hand upon the shoulder of the Chief Magistrate) here is a *May*'r, if that will do for you!" It is almost superfluous to add that this response had a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the audience.



## THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Basel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

## CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE.

Golowin, in his "Recollections of Japan," informs us, that the dignity of both the Japanese Emperors is inherited by the eldest of their male descendants, in default of whom they must adopt sons from princely families related to them. The Japanese empire consists of many principalities, which are governed by the Damjos, or reigning princes, and of the provinces belonging to the Emperor himself, the administration of which is intrusted to governors. The number of reigning princes in Japan is more than two hundred; the possessions of most of them are but small, but some of them are extremely powerful: thus, for example, the Damjo of Sindal, when he comes to the capital, has a court and attendants, which amounts to sixty thousand persons. These princes govern their possessions as independent sovereigns; they have even the right to give new laws, only these must have no influence on the other parts of the empire; for in such cases no ordinance can be put in execution without superior authority. Every Damjo is bound to keep a certain number of soldiers, of which the temporal Emperor disposes. The Emperor's own provinces are governed by officers called Obunjo. His supreme council consists of five reigning princes; and there are other official departments, which show that the sovereign is not absolute.

The Japanese military force consists of artillery, infantry, and cavalry. We did not see the last, but were informed that the best men were selected for it. They have rich dresses and fine horses, and are armed with sabres, pikes, and pistols. The Japanese artillery is still extremely imperfect. It is nearly in the same state as it was in Europe at the time that cast cannon began to be used. Those cast in Japan are of copper; and, in proportion to the calibre, uncommonly thick. The breech is unscrewed in order to load; the Japanese, therefore, load their cannon very slowly, and do not fire till all the artillery-men have retired to some distance; one of them then discharges it with a long linstock. Their cannonading, therefore, may put to flight savages by the noise, but not Europeans. Their infantry are armed with matchlocks, pikes, sabre, and dagger, and bows and arrows, in the use of the latter of which they are much more dexterous than with their muskets and pistols, which have copper barrels and are very heavy.

In Japan they have not only a Commercial Gazette and Price Current, but also paper money. In order to extend trade over the whole empire, and give the merchants more resources and facilities, the Japanese have introduced bills of exchange and promissory notes, such as are met with in the European states, under the protection of the laws. In one of the southern principalities of Japan, there are bank-notes, which circulate as money. There are three kinds of coin in Japan; gold, silver, and copper. The latter are round, with holes in the middle by which they are put up on a string, and carried as in a purse. This money is called by the Japanese *mon*. When they saw our *copecs*, they compared them with this coin, and found that four Japanese *mon* made one *copec*. The gold and silver coins are longish, four-cornered, and thicker than an imperial. The name, value, date of the year, and name of the maker, are stamped on each.

They showed us (continues the same author) a plan of the capital, and told us, that a man could not walk in one day from one end of it to the other. When we ques-

tioned the Japanese respecting its population, they affirmed that it contained upwards of 10 million of inhabitants, and were very angry when we doubted it. They brought us the next day a paper from one of their officers, who had been employed in the police in Yeddo. It was stated in this paper, that the city of Yeddo has, in its principal streets, two hundred and eighty thousand houses, and in each of them there live from thirty to forty people. Suppose there were only thirty, the number of inhabitants must amount to eight million four hundred thousand; add to this the inhabitants of the small houses and huts, those who live in the open air, the imperial Guard, the Guard of the Princes in the capital, their suites, &c. the number of the inhabitants must exceed ten million. As a confirmation of their assertions, the Japanese mentioned besides, that Yeddo alone contained 36,000 blind people.

A very singular custom at the marriages of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to show that a woman is married, or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child, to plant a tree in a garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new-married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited, but they can marry any other relative.

We once (says Golowin) saw the Governor of Matsmai ride on horseback to a temple, where thanksgivings were to be celebrated, where he must go once every year, in spring. The high-priest, the priests, and officers, who were obliged to be present, were gone there before. He rode alone without ceremony; a small train attended him on foot. To the horse's bit, there were fastened, instead of the bridle, two light blue girdles, which two grooms held fast on each side of the horse's mouth; the two ends of these girdles were held by two other grooms, who went at a little distance from the others, so that these four men occupied almost the whole road. The tail of the horse was covered with a light blue silk bag. The Governor, dressed in his usual clothes, in which we had often seen him, sat, without his hat, upon a magnificent saddle, and held his feet in wooden jappaned stirrups, which resembled little boxes. The grooms who held the horse at the bit, continually cried, *chai, chai*, that is, softly, softly; however, they pushed on the horse, and made it leap and go quick; the Governor therefore stooped, and held fast the saddle with both hands. At a short distance before him went some soldiers in a row with two serjeants, and though nobody was in the way, they continually cried, *make room, make room!* behind the Governor, followed the armour-bearers, who carried all the insignia of his dignity in cases: this was to signify that the Governor was *incognito*.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

## Review of new French Publications.

*Diners du Caron d'Holbach.* Par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. 2 vols. Paris 1822

This new production of the inexhaustible Madame de Genlis will give rise to no little scandal in the literary world. It offers, or affects to offer, a faithful de-

scription of the conversations of Diderot, Marmontel, Raynal, and the men of wit and talent who flourished during that brilliant period of French society, about the year 1778. The principles developed in these conversations being very different from those which Madame de Genlis ostentatiously puts forth at the present day, she of course is not very chary to the reputation of the interlocutors, and has so far forgot the respect due to some of the most distinguished writers of the close of the eighteenth century, as to attempt to revive many gross and calumnious imputations which were thrown upon them by contemporary jealousy and malevolence. But though she may have inaccurately appreciated their mental qualities, or misrepresented their moral ones, yet she has given their personal portraits with tolerable vividness and fidelity. For this task she was well fitted, having been one of the gayest and prettiest women of her time; she was intimately acquainted with many of those who figure in her work. This publication may interest, but cannot be altogether relied on. For a true picture of the literary society of France in 1778, we must recur to the *Memoirs of Marmontel and Madame d'Epinay*, and the *Correspondence of Grimm*. All the survivors of that interesting and intellectual epoch agree in saying, that Grimm in particular has almost scrupulously observed the truth in speaking of his distinguished contemporaries. By this book it appears, that Madame de Genlis, though at present near eighty years of age, has not entirely lost her activity of mind, but her style has become stiff, affected, and dogmatical. It resembles rather the decided and despot tone of a drawing-room oracle than the chastened style of closet composition. Besides, a little more charity, nay, even justice, would not have been amiss in the composition of this child of her old age.

*Histoire Naturelle des Animaux Vertébrés.* Par M. Lamarck. Vol. 7. Paris 1822.

This work which is held in the very highest estimation by the naturalists of France. French literature is, at present at a deplorably low ebb; it is only in the department of the sciences that France can still claim the attention of the world to her intellectual efforts. Her once loudly boasted literary supremacy has dwindled to a yet more diminutive size than that of the Pope's in religion. But in scientific pursuits, she still keeps her place in the foremost rank. The names of Fourier, Cuvier, Gay Lussac, Dulong, Laplace, Legendre, &c. are known and appreciated all over Europe. It is an honourable testimony to M. Lamarck, that his work has met with the decided approbation of such distinguished authorities.

*Collection des Theatres Estrangers.* 25 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1822.

This was a publication much wanted in France, where till within a very late period, a most deplorable ignorance of the dramatic literature of other countries prevailed. Racine, who died in 1699, was as totally unconscious of the existence of Shakspeare, as the French of the present day were of the existence of M. Leopold, a Swedish poet, until the last published volume of this collection presented them with two of his tragedies. M. Leopold, like the poets of those nations whose civilization has been factitious, or modelled upon that of their neighbours, has servilely copied Racine and the French play-wrights in the two tragedies now before us, *Odin*, and *Virginia*. *Odin* is made the contemporary of Pompey, which offers rather a fine contrast between the rude magnificence and unshackled energy of this barbarian monarch, venerated as a god by his wild subjects, and the elegant simplicity and calm grandeur of the Roman General Pompey, who in this tragedy appears as the representative of civilization. In the

tragedy of *Virginia*, M. Leopold has absurdly enough supposed *Virginia* to be secretly enamoured of the decemvir Appius. This translation of foreign theatrical productions will hasten the revolution in the French drama, which is near at hand. Before many years, we shall see tragedies in prose, and modelled upon those of Shakspeare, played upon the French stage. It is remarkable, that at the public libraries here they have found it necessary to have several additional copies of the late translation of Shakspeare, so numerous and repeated are the applications for it. And less than a century back, Voltaire, after having imitated *Othello* in his *Zaire*, let the Parisian public into the secret, (in his *Lettres sur les Anglois*) that there was such a barbarian as Shakspeare, whose writings might be compared to a heap of rubbish, with a few diamond sparks scattered through it.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

## KING'S THEATRE, LONDON.

A new spectacle, called *Alfred the Great*, was brought out at this theatre on the 10th of March. The ballet opens at that period when, for the sins of fair England, the raven of Denmark floated triumphant over her fields; and the very second scene presents us with the king and his page Olivier arriving, disguised as shepherds, at the cottage of the farmer Dernulf. The seeming peasants, spent with travel, entreat for food and shelter. Dernulf's daughter, with the instinctive humanity of woman, receives them. The damsel's mother however, attributes something of this kindness to the interesting figure of the strangers; and while she is chiding her daughter and cuffing the page, the farmer himself enters, and the king makes himself known. A repast is next prepared. Alfred plays the harp while the page and Dernulf's daughter dance a *pas de deux*, and is further compelled, by the "ancient lady," to fetch water, and perform other useful and unpleasant offices. The repast is followed by a variety of sports and active exercises; and the king has just been victorious in shooting at the "popinjay," when Count Edelbert, the lord of the domain, appears with his daughter, Alsuth, struggling in the hands of a party of Danish soldiers. The count is carried off prisoner, and the lady flies to the villagers, invokes their aid, and, with Alfred at their head, they rush out to the rescue of their lord. The second act opens with Alfred, still in disguise, returning victorious with Count Edelbert to his castle. The young countess thanks him with her tears. His wound is bound up with a scarf from her neck. He loves, and becomes agitated. Martial music proclaims the approach of Odin, an English chief, to whom Alsuth is affianced. He enters arrayed in a glittering suit of armour; and the grouping of his warlike followers, with the host of beauties assembled to receive them, is well managed. Odin consults the eyes of his affianced bride, and an ugly misgiving about Alfred comes over him. Edelbert explains his obligations to the stranger, and civilities are interchanged. But still the elements of discord remain. The Danes, enraged at the rescue of Edelbert, deliver over all his villages to the flames. The conflagration, seen through the windows of the castle-hall, arouses the dormant indignation of the Saxons. The yoke of the victor was galling—his lash is intolerable. The cup of sufferance was full; this last drop has made it overflow. War "to the knife" is declared. The soldiers draw their swords. They will sweep every foreigner from the face of English ground. They will die or re-establish their true king upon his throne.



At this moment Count Edelbert approaches a picture. He removes the veil which concealed it. It is Alfred. The shout of enthusiasm rises to the sky; but the peasant king is discovered by his likeness to the picture. The third act of the ballet introduces us to the Danish camp, where murder and merriment seem to be the order of the day. Count Edelbert and his daughter are brought in prisoners, and have their choice to renounce the cause of Alfred, or die. *Taran tara!* It is another trumpet. An old Danish warrior rushes into the presence, bearing the spoils of Alfred, whom he has slain with his own hand in battle. For this service he obtains the custody of the prisoners—it is Dernulf disguised in the uniform of the enemy. The Danish host now becomes riotous. "Alfred dead!" "Faisons la danse!" to aid their mirth, the king himself arrives as a harper; he plays. The page amuses the soldiers and Danish ladies, while he examines the enemy's force. At length the Danish General Gothorun arrives, chides the idleness of his troops, and commands them to take arms. Alfred and his page are then driven rudely from the lines, and the attack of the Saxons follows almost instantly. In the end the Britons are victorious, and the Danes are pardoned; Alfred (Odun of course waving his pretensions) is united to Alsurth.

This piece is pronounced, by the London critics, the best that has been produced at this theatre during the season.

#### DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

*John Philip Kemble.*—Among the many anecdotes which have been given to the public of this distinguished actor, the following, which has never appeared in print, may be relied on for its authenticity. About fourteen years ago, Mr. Kemble was playing his full range of characters at Liverpool, and though he was then considerably advanced in years, being upwards of fifty, he delighted his audience as much by the vigour of his action as by the general grace and accuracy of his delineation. It should be remarked that Mr. Kemble prided himself upon his skill with the small sword, and perhaps few gentlemen could cope with him either in elegance or dexterity. He was playing the character of *Macbeth*—Rae, that of *Macduff*, at that period a promising actor, and a rising favourite with that critical auditory; Rae, was perhaps, equally expert with the rapier—and the battle scene, in the fifth act called forth all their energies for a display of their respective powers. Mr. Kemble was labouring under a slight attack of asthma, and Rae in the power and vigour of youth. The contest was long, but as it was necessary for *Macbeth* to die, Mr. Kemble allowed himself at length to be killed, and he fell totally exhausted on the stage. On the dropping of the curtain he was raised up, and supported to the Green-room, where, as soon as he had recovered his breath, he addressed Mr. Ward, proprietor and manager, most feelingly; "Ward, that young man will kill me—I had almost forgot my character in the ardour of the fight—but he's too much for me now." "Pooh, pooh!" replied the manager, "this is only a new song to an old tune. Don't you remember, some twenty years back, when in this very character I had so much difficulty in killing you, that I at length exclaimed—'If you won't let me kill you, I must die myself; for I can stand it no longer!'" It is worthy to be recorded, that Mr. Kemble was so gratified by the attentions paid him by Rae at this period, that he exerted himself ever afterwards to forward his views in life; in which he was kindly assisted by Mrs. Siddons: and a bust of this great actress, modelled by herself, and presented to Rae as a token of her kindness, is now in the possession of his widow.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIRS OF DR. CHARLES HUTTON.

This eminent Mathematician was a native of Newcastle upon Tyne, where he was born in 1737. At an early age he opened a school in the place of his birth; and in 1764 published his first volume, "A Practical Treatise on Arithmetic and Book-keeping." To this a Key for the Use of Tutors was afterwards added; and in 1768 appeared his quarto Treatise on Mensuration, which led to his election to the Royal Society, and his appointment at Woolwich, which he held till 1807, and then retired on account of ill health, with a liberal and well-merited pension from Government, and a just eulogy from the Board of Ordnance, the department best acquainted with his services. Dr. Hutton was for a period Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society; but when Sir Joseph Banks succeeded to Sir John Pringle in its presidency, a misunderstanding arose, and the Doctor was deprived of his office. This caused a great schism, but in the end left Sir Joseph Lord of the Ascendant, which station he maintained to the end of his life, being rather, it was thought by many, the Master than the President of that learned Institution. Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Hutton published, *The Principles of Bridges*, 8vo. 1772; *The Diarian Miscellany*, 5 vols. 12mo.; a Selection of useful and entertaining Parts from the Ladies' Diary, of which he was for a long time editor; *Elements of the Conic Sections*, 8vo. 1777; *Tables of the Products and Powers of Numbers*, folio, 1784; *Mathematical Tables (Logarithms)*, 1785—five editions to 1811; *Tables of Interest*, 8vo. 1786; *Tracts, Mathematical and Philosophical*, 4to. same year; *Compendious Measurer*, 12mo. *id.*; *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*, 2 vols. 4to. 1796; and many other Treatises on Mathematics, Projectiles, and Philosophy, translations from Despain, Ozanam, and Montucl; and (in conjunction with Drs. Shaw and Pearson) an Abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions, to which he was a valuable contributor, in 18 vols. 4to.

Dr. Hutton was exceedingly cheerful in his conversation and manner, and deliberate in expressing himself. His voice was agreeably clear and firm, with a slight northern accent. He seems to have displayed in every thing his taste for his favourite study. Showing some one a bust of himself by Gahagan, not long before his decease, he said, "their, Sir, is a bust of me by Gahagan—my friends tell me it is like me, but that it is too grave for me, though gravity is a part of my character; for the likeness and expression I cannot myself be the judge; but I can vouch for the accuracy, for I have measured it in every point with the callipers." Upon the same person taking leave, the Doctor insisted he would accompany him to the door in the street of Bedford-row; and on his remarking to him that the place was broad, light, and very airy, he stepped two or three paces on, and pointing to the end of the street, said, "Yes, it is a very agreeable place to walk in. From the chair in my study to that post at the corner is just forty yards; and from that post to the post at the other end of the Row is exactly the eighth part of a mile: so that when I come out to take my walk, I can walk my eighth part of a mile, the quarter of a mile, half of a mile, or my mile, as I choose. When I return to my seat, I know what exercise I have taken. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and, thank God, have my health in a remarkable way at such an age. I have very few pains, but am a little deaf.

Dr. Hutton died on the 10th of February last at his house in London. He was a member of several scientific bodies, at home and abroad; and during a long life

(many years of which he was Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich,) contributed largely to the public good by the application of his acquirements and knowledge to works of practical utility.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing  
CAMPBELL.

### Minutes of Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's.

*Asphaltum of the Gulf of Mexico. Causes of its production, and of the warmth of the Gulf Stream.*

Specimens of the Asphaltum, cast ashore in the Gulf of Mexico, were produced. Several barrels of it were collected by Mr. Lyman, along the coast between Vera Cruz and Campeachy. The colour is a deep black. Its consistence is about that of common pitch. It breaks with a conchoidal and resinous fracture. The surface is glossy. The smell strong, diffusible, and to many persons rather agreeable. It abounds with cavities or air-cells. These are so numerous and capacious, that masses, sometimes weighing two hundred pounds, float on the surface, and are drifted to the land. Though these containers of gas are thus enabled to buoy up an extensive lump of asphaltum, they are usually incapable of keeping pieces of moderate size from sinking. The fragments, therefore, of a large body of it, separately and individually go to the bottom, while the integral parcel was light enough to swim. It is believed by that intelligent navigator, Captain Bowyer, that this asphaltum is the product of submarine fire. The volcanoes still smoking on the continent of North America and in certain of the West India islands, bear evidence enough of the actual existence of the igneous elements under ground. This opinion is strengthened by the shells, sponges, and mud, with which the asphaltum abounds.

### South American Ores.

The minerals brought by Captain Ridgley from South America were displayed. It was pleasing to behold the ores of the metals, brought home by the patriotic commander of a public ship. *Native silver*, and *silver* in combination with *arsenic*, *sulphur*, and *lead*; as well as in the form of *red ore*, gratified while it excited curiosity. Gold glittering in grains and specks, as it lay disseminated through the containing rock, evinced by its scarcity, and by the labour necessary to extract it, the reason why its price was so high. The singular sort of matrix, or gangue, which the miners declare to be the generator or creator of gold, and from which gold is infallibly produced, seems to be a mixture of quartz and decaying feldspar, blended with mountain green, galena, and probably gold in disguise; and when the mass crumbles down, the precious metal shows itself in the sands and powder. Among the volcanic productions, there was one which appeared to be scorified barytes, or *terra ponderosa*, reduced to a cellular, and in some sort a pumice-like consistence; and another, a coarse lava, embracing a portion of stone which had never been melted, and thereby threw light upon the formation of porphyry.

### Indian Axes.

An axe made with uncommon neatness by the Mohegan aborigines, was received by General M<sup>r</sup> Lewis. It was found on his farm at Staatsburgh, near the bank of the Hudson. Its size and form resemble so nearly one of our steel instruments, that it might almost be suspected, this was an imitation. Instead of an eye or opening to receive a handle, there is a surrounding groove, to be embraced by a with. The material is a variegated

trap, or that sort of rock which forms the palisades on the west side of the same river, between Weehock and Haverstraw; and which our mineralogists have (though its colours are black and white) called green-stone. At the same sitting, another axe of the Indians was sent in by Alexander F. Vaché, Esq. the voyager to the southern oceans. This was a *bipennis*, or two edged battle weapon, perforated by a hole to receive a handle. With a sufficient thickness in the middle to render it strong, the edges were nicely tapered away. The instrument thereby became a formidable agent of destruction in the hand of a warrior. The material is carbonate of lime, which from its polish, and its dark ground, and darker clouds, might be called a *dusky variegated marble*. It was ploughed up in Johnstown, Montgomery County, N. Y. and probably had belonged to a Mohock chief.

### Ancient Fortification in Kentucky.

The description of an ancient tumulus in Kentucky was received, with a drawing, by William Jackson, Esq. of London Grove, from Richard Harlan, M. D. Professor of Zoology, &c. in the University of Pennsylvania. It consisted of a plan and description of an ancient fortification, situated in Madison county, Kentucky, about three miles from the foot of Big Hill, on the road leading from Bear station to Lexington, about 40 miles from the latter place, and 14 miles, by a south course, from Richmond.

This fortification is a high ridge of mountains, called Clay's Ridge, from which there is an extensive view of the adjacent rich country, and the neighbouring knobs. The height of the mountain is supposed to be equal to that at Harper's Ferry, on the southern side of the Potomac and Shenandoah. Two artificial walls are formed on the top of this mountain, mostly of the rock composing it. The one is 120 yards long, which, if piled regular, would be 15 feet high, and 10 feet thick: in this wall there are three small openings; about 10 feet from the inside of which are placed piles of stones of a size convenient for throwing.

The other wall is 170 yards long, extending across a hollow, or ravine, lead-down into the valley, and, if piled regularly, would be about 12 feet high, and about 10 feet thick. There are no openings in it, and many of the stones, of which it is built, appear to have been broken off the mountain, though much the greater part seem to have been conveyed from a distance of two miles or more. There are a few inaccessible parts in the mountain, which, in many places, is from 100 to 150 feet high of perpendicular rock.

On the main ridge there is a spring, which an old hunter informed, had never failed. This spring is surrounded by several acres of good black oak land, lying very handsome for tillage; the growth on the other parts of the mountain is generally pine. Numerous marks of graves are observable near the second wall, which, however, were not opened owing to the fatigue of carrying an implement for the purpose. From the ascent to those parts which are accessible being so steep, and the distance whence some of the stones are supposed to have been carried, it is concluded that it must have required 100 men at least for one year, to complete the work.

May 20th 1823.

### IMPROVEMENT IN LAMPS.

Two gentlemen at Edinburgh, of the name of Gordon, have obtained a patent for the construction of lamps, and of materials to be burned in them, or in common lamps. This improvement consists in adapting the lamp to the purpose of burning alcohol or naphtha, or the essential oils or compositions of these spirits, with such of the essential oils as are most



easily soluble therein; and generally for the burning of all combustible fluids which are inflammable at a low temperature, and which do not require a combustible wick to raise their temperature to a point at which inflammation would take place, or to continue their inflammation. The improvements and additions in the construction of lamps, consist in employing wicks made of metal or glass instead of cotton or thread, or any substance usually termed combustible, and for that purpose is used platina, gold, silver, copper; or glass, spun into very fine threads or capillary tubes, collected into a bundle, and surrounded by a piece of metal-wire gauze, may be used; or by a piece of fine metal wire bound round them in a spiral direction; or the wicks may be formed of metal-wire or tubes, or spun glass, in any way, and in any desirable shape, so that the effect of capillary attraction may be preserved sufficiently to raise or draw up the combustible fluid to the situation where it is to be inflamed. The wicks thus constructed, are inserted through a pipe or tube in the manner of common lamps with cotton wicks; the top of the wick or wicks should be covered by a cap when the lamp is not in use, to prevent the evaporation of the combustible fluid, and to prevent dust from settling on the wick. As the substances intended to be burned in the said lamps are extremely volatile and inflammable, the orifice from whence the lamp is to be filled with the fluid may be situated at the greatest convenient distance from the wick. The patentees have a cap which screws down to a shoulder to close the orifice from whence the lamp is filled, and pierce an air-hole at the second or third thread of the male screw, by which means the air-hole can be uncovered, by unscrewing the cap two or three turns, and without taking off the cap altogether, except when the lamp is to be supplied with fluid. The materials to be burned in the lamps, may also be burned in common lamps, and are composed of alcohol, with an admixture of essential oils; as for instance, oil of juniper, camphor, the essential oil of tar, and such other of the essential oils as are most soluble in alcohol, the relative proportions of the two fluids or materials being regulated according to the description of lamp for burning them. The relative proportions of the fluids or materials should be 5, 6, or 7, parts of alcohol to one of essential oil; but these proportions may be varied according as circumstances may require. Alcohol by itself is nearly pure hydrogen, so that when burning it gives only a pale blue light; the essential oils when burning, give much light; but unless they are carefully burned in lamps peculiarly constructed, they produce smoke, and would be apt to leave a considerable deposition of carbonaceous matter upon the wicks. Whilst the composition described above will be found to give considerable light without any sensible smoke, and leaving little or no deposit upon the wicks. Another composition to burn in lamps is made with naphtha or spirit of wood, combined with the essential oils, in about the same proportions as for the essential oils with alcohol.

#### PREPARATION OF OIL FOR WATCH AND CLOCK WORK.

Good oil has long been a desideratum among watchmakers. Colonel Beaufoy remarks that if olive oil be exposed to the rays of the sun for a considerable length of time, it becomes colourless, limpid, free from mucilage, and not easily congealable. He exposed two eight ounce phials, nearly filled with this oil, to the solar beams for one or two years, and found this effect produced. The bottles should be opened occasionally to allow the gas to escape, or the cork may be taken out. The following process by Chevreul has been recommended for

reeling oil for watchwork from all acid and mucilage. Put into a mattress or glass flask, a portion of any fine oil, with seven or eight times its weight of alcohol, and heat the mixture almost to boiling; decant the clear upper stratum of fluid, and suffer it to cool; a solid portion of fatty matter separates, which is to be removed, and then the alcoholic solution evaporated in a retort or basin, until reduced to one-fifth its bulk. The elaine or fluid part of the oil will be deposited. It should be colourless and tasteless, almost free from smell, without action or infusion of litmus, having the consistence of white olive oil, and not easily congealable.

#### ANTIQUITIES OF NUBIA.

M. Caillaud has recently communicated to M. Jomard of Paris the following information on the antiquities of Nubia: I am come from the Desert, where I have visited two places, in which there were numerous curiosities. M. Linant, a Frenchman, not having left the country of Senaar, saw them some days before I did. Near the village of Wetbeyt Naga are the ruins of two small temples; in the desert, about eight leagues to the south-east are the remains of seven other small temples. The valley which leads to these ruins, and the ruins themselves, are called Naga, and I have no doubt are the remains of the ancient city of Naka. Three of these temples are in tolerable preservation; one of them is highly interesting for the objects with which it is ornamented. The figures are in costumes very different from those seen in Egypt: the garments are like those which I have mentioned to you before as having seen in the pyramids. The second is larger than the first, with an avenue of sphinxes; the third consists of an isolated portico, highly curious, and of a less ancient construction. The architecture is a mixture of Greek and Egyptian, it having Corinthian capitals. The other temples are complete ruins. In the great valley of the desert, about six hours journey from the Nile, and eight hours south-south-east from Chandy, there are other and more considerable ruins, which, I think, are the remains of a college from Meroe. They consist of eight little temples, all joined in a line by galleries and terraces. It is altogether an immense construction of numerous chambers, cells, courts, and galleries, surrounded with double enclosures. I am unable to give you here the slightest description of these ruins. The central temple communicates with the others by these galleries or terraces, 185 French feet long. Each temple has particular apartments, which stand in a line. In the eight temples are thirty-nine chambers or habitations, twenty-six courts, and twelve staircases. The ruins cover a space of 2500 feet. But in this so great extent of ruins, all is in small proportion as to size, both as it respects the monuments, and the stones employed in them. The stones are placed in courses of twenty-five centimetres in height, and are frequently square in form. The largest temple is eleven metres in length. On the columns are figures in the Egyptian style: and on some columns of the same portico there are channellings (flutings) as in Greek architecture. On the base of one of them are the remains of a zodiac. I could see the Twins and Sagittarius, and have taken a faithful copy of it. Time and the destructive elements that have so much defaced the ancient Saba and its monuments, seem to have left us the observatory of Meroe tolerably perfect, for it is easy to define the whole plan.

A few hundred paces from these ruins are the remains of two little monuments, and the traces of a pond or large piece of water surrounded by ridges, which

served to keep off the sand. I could find here nothing like the site of a town, nor ruins, nor tomb. If the city of Meroe once existed on this spot, they would not, I should imagine, have elevated the pyramids two days journey off. I am led to believe that this place was the college of Meroe; the form and structure seem to point it out as such. But the city was no doubt near the tombs where the forty-five pyramids now are, and of which the latitude is nearly that given to Meroe by the ancients; while these ruins are much too distant to agree with it. One is astonished to find but few hieroglyphics here. There are only six columns forming the portico of the middle temple that have any: all the other parts are destitute of sculpture.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Scientific Travels.*—Professor Nevi has been employed by the Emperor of Russia to make researches in the steppes of Independent Tartary, and to examine the course of the Oxus, and the towns of Balk and Samarcand. The expedition will extend, perhaps, as far as the Lake Saisan. Ambassadors have been previously sent to prepare the way in these countries, which are so little known; and there is reason to think, that at least much geographical knowledge will result from the expedition.

*Botany.*—The wonderful progress made in the cultivation of this branch of science in late years, may be in some measure estimated by the following comparative summary, and especially a late German enumeration, which treats of it:—Linnæus has 34 Veronicas, Persoon 63, Wahl 73, Roemer and Schultes have in their new edition 136.—Of Utriculariæ, Linnæus has 8, Persoon 18, Roemer and Schultes 61.—Linnæus has 4 Gratiolæ, Roemer and Schultes 42.—Linnæus has 32 Salviæ, Willdenow 76, Persoon 104, Wahl 137, Roemer and Schultes 173; &c. The authors last referred to, have retained the Linnæan system, except the 23d class. One volume only is published; the 2d volume, now in the press, is announced to contain all the Grasses of the 3d class.

*New Varieties of Apples and Pears.*—In the account of the Horticultural Tour, made by a deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, it is stated that Professor Van Mons, of Brussels, has a very extensive collection of seedling fruit trees, and has produced several new and exquisite pears and apples; he made the following important communication as the result of his individual experience:—"That by sowing the seeds of new varieties of fruits, we may expect, with much greater probability, to obtain other new kinds of good quality, than by employing the seeds even of the best old established sorts. He likewise gave it as his opinion that if the kernels of old varieties were to be sown, it would be better to employ those from other countries, similar in climate; to sow, for example, the seeds of English and American apples in Brabant, or those of the North of Germany in Scotland, and vice versa."

*Advantages of Steam.*—The invention of propelling vessels by steam is likely to prove extensively advantageous to the manufactures of England. Extensive arrangements have been formed, with the concurrence of Government, for the establishment of steam vessels to convey passengers and light goods from Great Britain to Grand Cairo; and the Pasha of Egypt has engaged to have from two to three hundred camels always in readiness to facilitate the communication from Cairo to Suez, and from Suez to Cairo; the expense not to exceed five shillings sterling per hundred weight. Similar ar-

rangements have been made for the passage from Suez to Surat and other places.

*On Hardening and tempering cast steel.*—For saws of the usual description, and springs in general, the following is an excellent hardening and tempering liquid, viz.

Twenty gallons of spermaceti oil;  
Twenty pounds of beef suet, rendered;  
One gallon neat's-foot oil;  
One pound of pitch;  
Three pounds of black rosin.

These two last articles must be previously melted together, and then added to the other ingredients; when the whole must be heated in a proper iron vessel, with a close cover fitted to it, until all the moisture is entirely evaporated; and the composition will take fire on a flaming body being presented to its surface; but which must be instantly extinguished again, by putting on the cover of the vessel. The cast steel articles, if thin or slender, may be quenched in this composition, in order to harden them; and then be blazed off, as the operation is termed, over a clear fire, in order to temper them. If the articles are thick, such as sword-blades, &c. they should be previously hardened, by quenching them in rain-water; and then be tempered, by wiping them over, on both sides, with a thin coating of the tempering liquid, applied by means of a round hard brush, and then be blazed off, in order to temper them.

*Sail cloth.*—Messrs. Brewell, of London, have invented a process to prevent mildew in sails and canvasses of every description, from the whitest Coker to the brownest Scotch, the natural colouring matter of which usually generates mildew, but which this process neutralizes, so as to destroy that tendency. It does not in any degree weaken the fibre of either hemp or flax, but is found to improve the colour and strength of all canvass to which it is applied. It renders canvass more flexible, without reducing its firmness, and thereby diminishes the space required for stowage, as well as the time and trouble of handling and managing the sails, which in merchant ships, especially in stormy weather, is often of the utmost importance even to the safety of the vessel and the lives of the crew. And it offers a great saving to the shipowners by the reduced price at which the most durable canvass may be purchased; it is an admitted fact that the bleaching process is a useless expense, only as far as the colouring matter is removed, but thereby the fibre of the plant becomes proportionably weakened.

*Organic Remains.*—Observations have been lately made in Germany on detached human bones, not entire skeletons, like those from the long known Carib burying-grounds in Gaudaloupe, which have been found copiously mixed with detached bones of great numbers of large and of small animals, some carnivorous and some otherwise, some of extinct species, and some of the existing animal species; the whole enveloped in hardened mud or loam, in certain fissures or cavities, which once had been open spaces in several gypsum quarries, in a low situation by the river Elster, near Kostritz.

*Lithography.*—M. Hippus, a celebrated painter, on his return from Rome to St. Petersburg, conceived the happy idea of publishing, under the title of "Contemporaries," lithographic portraits of all the eminent statesmen, writers, and artists, now living in Russia. The work is to consist of twelve quarterly numbers, each containing five portraits of the size of life. The first two numbers have already appeared, and evince the progress of lithography in Russia.



**New Invention.**—An experiment has been tried of elementary power, invented by two Englishmen, who reside at Calais; and although this was on a small scale, it surpassed that of steam. It is the inventors' intention to come from Calais to Dover; and there is no doubt they will accomplish the journey in less time than any steam vessel which has yet crossed the channel.

**Experimental Physiology.**—Magendie lately made a very extraordinary discovery at Paris, and one likely to lead to most important results. He divided the principal nerves of an animal at different times, to become acquainted with their different uses. To his great astonishment, he found invariably, on dividing a pair of nerves proceeding from the spinal marrow, that he deprived the animal of motion and instinct. On cutting the one to the right, the animal was deprived of instinct; and dividing the left, of motion—without destroying life.

**Anatomy.**—M. Antommarchi, professor of Anatomy in the Universities of Paris and Pisa, and surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon, at St. Helena, and M. le Comte de Lasteyrie, are publishing a set of anatomical plates of the human body, with descriptions. The work is to appear in fifteen parts, on large paper. The details will be most exactly copied from nature, and the minute parts will be laid down and described with the greatest correctness. The whole will form a perfect topography of the human body, with the exception of the teguments which are already accurately delineated in the Anatomy of Mascagni.

**Astronomy, &c.**—At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, M. Puitsent read a memoir entitled "The Exposure of a method to deduce the mean result of a series of astronomical observations made with the circle repetiteur of M. Borda;" and several other papers were also produced and read. At a subsequent sitting, M. de Halley read a memoir on a "Mineralogical Chart of France." Mr. Gray Lussac presented, on the part of the inventor, a new Hygrometer; and M. Couchy read a note on a meteor which had been observed at the same time both from Paris and Mans.

Mr. Casati, a traveller who recently returned from Egypt, has brought several ancient manuscripts; among which are two in Greek, and one in Greek and Egyptian. The first, which is sixteen feet six inches in length, and seven inches in breadth, contains a deed of sale drawn in the Thebais, on the 9th day of the month of Epiphi, and in the 4th year of the reign of Cleopatra, and of her son Ptolemy Soter II. which corresponds to the 25th of July, of 113 years before Christ.

**Literature.**—Three or four more Cantos of *Don Juan* are said to be on the eve of appearing. In one of them the hero is carried to England, where, doubtless, he makes a figure.

Among the new works, lately announced in the London Journals, are the following:

Logan: a Family History, in 4 volumes, 12mo.

Memorandum of Two Conversations between the Emperor Napoleon and Viscount Ebrington, at Porto Ferrajo, in 1814.

A Letter to Lord Holland, on the Review of "Napoleon in Exile" in the Fifty-fifth Number of the Quarterly Review.

A Concise View of the History, Literature and present Society of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, containing an account of the Academical and other Honours conferred upon its Members; also of the College Prizes, Preferments and an obituary of the year 1822, together with a list of the Writers of the present day and their Works.—By Wm. Henry Williams, M. D.

The Philosophy of Zoology; or, a general view of the Structure, Functions, and Classification of Animals.—By John Fleming, D. D.

The title of the new work, by Dr. Greenfield, author of the Waverly novels, is *Quentin Durward*.

The following works were announced in London for publication early in May: The Liberal, No. III. By Lord Byron and others.

Journal of a Horticultural tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France. By a Deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society.

Geological Evidences of the Deluge; comprising an account of an Antediluvian Den, discovered in Yorkshire in 182, in which were found the remains of the hyæna, &c.; with a comparative description of other caves and fissures containing bones, in England and Germany; and a summary view of the evidence of a general inundation, afforded by beds of loam and gravel, containing similar bones; and by the actual state of hills and valleys in all parts of the world. By the Rev. Wm. Buckland.

Narrative of a Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay to the Mouth of the Copper-mine River; and from thence, in canoes, along the coast of the Polar Sea, upwards of five hundred Miles, and of the return of the expedition, over land, to Hudson's Bay, &c. By Captain John Franklin, R. N. Commander of the expedition.

The Book of the Church. By Robert Southey.

Essays on the Anatomy of Expression, on the Passions as they are exhibited in the changes of the countenance, and in the agitation of the frame generally. Also on the origin of our Conceptions of Beauty, in the forms of the head; and of the characters of youth and age. By Charles Bell, Esq.

Essays, Descriptive and Moral, connected with scenes chiefly in Italy. By an American.

Thoughts on the Greek Revolution. By Charles Brinsley Sheridan.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### VISIT TO NEW-JERSEY.

In the early part of the past summer, I was on a visit at the house of a friend in New-Jersey. The place in which he dwelt, was a small village sequestered from the usual channels of communication with the city; and this retirement prevented much of that intercourse between the two places, which would otherwise have subsisted. Hence the village retained much of the appearance, and of the manners of times that are past, and there hung about it an aspect of venerable age. Few of those improvements, or rather alterations, which modern taste has introduced into places contiguous to the metropolis, or which maintain a frequent correspondence with it, were there to be found; but instead of this circumstance depreciating the beauties of the spot in my eyes, I confess that I viewed it with more interest, and wandered out into its avenues and adjacent fields, with an increased and far greater pleasure.

I was generally unemployed, and had leisure to pursue those avocations most agreeable to me. I could read the works of my favourite authors, and although retired from the conversation and society of all but my friend and his family, I could by this means expel ennui, and derive a refined and exquisite pleasure, which the lightness of modern manners, and the levity of general conversation, are utterly unable to bestow. I would also meditate on those things which presented themselves to my mind, sometimes the promptings of the imagination, which would lead me into the realms of fiction, where I would revel amidst fairy pleasures; and

sometimes things of more sublime and momentous import, which command the attention of man, and draw him from the attractions of sublunary and fleeting gratifications.

One evening, when the sun was about setting, and shed over the country a beautiful and tender tint, I walked out to regale on the charms of the landscape. My feelings had before been sobered by the recollection of many of the past events of my life, by the stillness of the place, the lateness of the hour, and the solitude in which I then as usually was. The scene accorded with the sedateness of my mind; and indeed its invincible tranquillity inflicted upon my heart a species of pain. It was not melancholy—it was not listlessness, but an excess of serenity, which to my ardent bosom, always prone to enjoyments of a fervid tone, was very uncomfortable.

As I sauntered along, I entered the village church-yard, and seated myself on a tomb. The objects that I now beheld, called forth emotions before unknown, and awakened new sources of feeling which in the closet were unobserved. The yard was encompassed by tall trees of poplar and the weeping willow, whose appearance of itself was sufficient to give birth to feelings of solemnity; and in addition to these, the gentle sighings of the wind, which before was not apparent, stealing over the senses, awakened in my mind a series of thoughts that were inexpressibly mournful.

The stones were bleached to an extreme whiteness, and it was with difficulty that at that hour, I could decipher the characters engraven upon them. One, however, told me that the subject of its notice, was snatched from life in the vigour of his days, leaving behind him a circle of mourning relatives. Another that some girl in the season of early youth, had sunk into the grave destroyed by a gradual consumption. "Unhappy beings!" I lisped forth, "you looked forward, perhaps, to a comfortable age, deriving joy from the smiles of children or relatives; but how sadly have you been disappointed in this your hope. The one in the pride of manhood has been mowed down in an instant, like the cedar of the forest, rejoicing in its strength, before the axe of the woodman. The other has been chilled by a hostile blast, has languished awhile and expired by exhaustion. Both are now hidden in a horrible cavern, consumed to a mass of dust. The summer's sun, the voices of the birds, the aspect of nature will gladden you no more. The smile of joy has fled, the colour of health has ebbed from your cheeks. You have shut your eyes on the world, on your friends, and all that you love—you are resting beneath this stone. Your music is the midnight moaning of the winds, the voice of the thunder, and the beating of the storm. When I have finished my pilgrimage, I too will lie like you in the dust. The time will come when the world will recede from me—when it will altogether fade from my mortal vision. When I can no longer lift up my head to behold the firmament and all its magnificent luminaries, and sense itself shall be extinct. Then will I be torpid as the stone on which I sit, and "the whispers of the voice that I love" shall cross my ear unheeded and unknown." These anticipations overpowered my heart, and my eyes became moist and dim.

My feelings were unspeakably painful, and the awfulness of the scene was heightened by the collected shadows of the evening, which gave life to imaginary forms, and imparted motion to the stones around me. I left the charnel-house and returned to my abode, while my mind was intent on the images that had suggested themselves, when I was sitting among the dead. "The place of skulls" haunted my imagination, and when I retired to my bed, my eyes refused to

close themselves—my mind was too active to be lulled into slumber. The anticipation of that day when I should cease to be counted among men, which had before occurred to my mind, now obtruded itself again; and when I reflected upon its many terrors, thought became painful, and I sought by an effort to disengage my mind from its gloomy theme.

But the effort was vain, and I arose and seated myself by the casement. Here my mind gradually cooled, and tranquillity resumed its empire within me. The heavens were serene, and I took a pleasure in surveying the azure vault, and the baldrick of the galaxy. I gazed with delight on the multitude of glistening stars,

"And followed thro' the night the moving moon."

At length I threw myself on my bed, and fell into a delightful sleep. I visited in dreams the beings most dear to me. The beauty of one, the smiles of another, and the converse of the rest soothed my repose, and when I awoke, I was refreshed, and my spirits were light.

ANASTASIO.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 3. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Three Crump Twin-Brothers of Damascus.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Sketches of the Spanish Nation.*

LITERATURE.—*The age of Bronze.* By Lord Byron.

THE DRAMA.—*French Theatre, No. V.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mr. Gascoigne.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Account of the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth Day of LINNÆUS, at Flushing, Long Island.*

POETRY.—*To Cora; Life; and Translation from the "Basia" of Joannes Secundus.* By FLORIO. Stanzas by LARA; with other pieces.

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

CORRESPONDENTS.—To the "chill" and "cheerless" lines of Eugenio, we have endeavoured to communicate some warmth, by consigning them to the flames.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

The celebration of the Birth Day of LINNÆUS, takes place this day at Flushing, L. I. Most of the Scientific and Literary Gentlemen of this city have been invited to attend. The exercises will consist of Readings, Recitations, and communications on subjects relating to Botany and Natural History.

Mr. Wiley has in the press a new work, to be entitled "Tales of Fifteen," adopted for the use of young Ladies.

The Directors of the Gas Light Company have ordered subscription books to be opened for the stock. The company have obtained from the corporation of this city the exclusive right for thirty years, in all streets south of Grand-street, upon liberal and fair terms.

A canal from the Delaware to the Hudson, terminating at Kingston, in Ulster county, is contemplated, by means of which the city of New-York could be supplied with coal from a mine situated on the Lackawaxen river.

A Deaf and Dumb institution, incorporated by the Legislature of this state at their last session, has been established at Canajoharie, Montgomery county.

A machine has been invented at Providence, and put in use, for raising the sick or lame from their beds, without trouble or labour, and without pain to the subject, for the purpose of having the bed made, linen changed, &c.

## MARRIED.

Mr. James Robertson to Miss Jane Paul.  
Mr. George Phelps to Miss Deborah Colby.  
Mr. Anthony Gies to Miss A. M. Chwaibryer.

## DIED.

Mr. Jesse Roeder, aged 36.  
Mr. James Somerville, aged 37.  
Mr. Frederick Devoe, aged 59.  
Mrs. Anne Collard, aged 69.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to bellow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## THE MOMENT OF WOE.

There is a moment of the darkest woe,  
When the heart throbs, but cannot find relief,  
The bosom swells—but not a tear will flow  
To yield a channel to this noiseless grief:  
A living monument, with glazed eyes,  
Upon the earth is fix'd our vacant stare,  
And, if we breathe a wish—it is to die;  
In the cold grave to bury all our care,  
And rest in undisturb'd repose for ever there!

Yes, we can yield us to despair like this,  
And ask our God to take the life he gave:  
In such a moment deem there's nought of bliss,  
Save in the precincts of the silent grave.  
We've lost our all—the life of life is fled;  
The form we lov'd to gaze on is no more;  
Our hopes are vanish'd, all our joys are dead,  
And we care not how soon e'en life be o'er,  
That we may sink to dreamless sleep for evermore!

The sun that gilds all nature with his beams,  
That gives the summer's warmth, and beauty's glow,  
To us the herald but of misery seems—  
From fancied bliss wakes us to real woe:  
Each thing we look on tells us of time past;  
A thousand thoughts come rushing on the mind  
Of early pleasures, far too sweet to last—  
Of joys that fading left no trace behind—  
And of that much lov'd being to the grave consign'd.

How many hearts responsive to my strain,  
By sad experience, know this picture true,  
And live that anguish'd moment o'er again  
When the grave snatched for ever from their view  
A dearer self—No tear drop dimm'd the eye,  
They did not call in frenzy on her name—  
Ah, no! they could not weep, they could not sigh,  
And the choic'd voice could not an accent frame,  
But grief rag'd in them with consuming flame.

Yet, 'tis not long such gloomy thoughts control  
Th' enlighten'd mind. Hope, with her angel sway,  
Shedding rich lustre o'er the darkness soul,  
Points to that realm of everlasting day,  
When, when the throbbing heart shall cease to beat,  
And the rude wrappings of this world are o'er,  
Congenial spirits shall in glory meet,  
'Mid seraph forms shall meet, to part no more,  
But in the presence of their God dwell and adore!

LARA.

For the Minerva.

## FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well—for ever—ever!  
'Twere vain my anguish now to tell;  
A truer heart will love thee never—  
But, fare thee well!

In distant climes, and scenes of danger,  
'Twill soon be mine unknown to dwell;  
I go—a homeless, hopeless ranger:  
Oh, fare thee well!

Another form may bow before thee,  
Another tongue thy praises tell:  
None, none, like me, can e'er adorn thee—  
But—fare thee well!

I loved—but, ah! my love avail'd not  
Against the poison'd tale of hell;  
'Twas heard—believed—and yet bewail'd not—  
Oh, fare thee well!

I go to hurl Bellona's fire,  
Where roaring waves like mountains swell,  
And should I in the fight expire,  
Farewell—farewell!

When in the grave my corse they carry,  
Will thy heart echo to my knell?  
Oh, wilt thou not a moment tarry,  
And sigh—farewell!

LARA.

For the Minerva.

## THE KISS. No. II.

'Tis the test of affection, the sweetest and surest;  
'Tis the offspring of tenderest love;  
'Tis a blessing from Heaven, the chastest and purest,  
E'er came from the spirit above.

'Tis the holiest pledge that a lover can give;  
'Tis the first, and the fondest, and dearest,  
'Twixt the lips that bestow and the lips that receive,  
'Tis the bond that doth bind them sincerest.

And oh then how cold and how hard is that heart—  
How poor and unworthy the bliss  
That feels not the pleasure that pledge can impart,  
And knows not the worth of a kiss.

New-Orleans, April 1823.

B.

For the Minerva.

## SONNET.

Written to show that the S is not necessary in English verse.

I roved at peep of dawn o'er hill and dale,  
All beautiful in vernal robe array'd;  
Bloom clothed each hill, and verdure every glade,  
Filling with rich perfume the morning gale:  
Roaming along, I found a lily pale,  
That bathed in dew hung down her drooping head;  
Too heavily the matin tribute weighed  
Upon her delicate and fragile form.  
"Poor flower!" I cried, "I mourn when all around  
Are gay and joyful in the daybeam warm,  
To find thee bending lowly to the ground."  
I wiped the cup—the flower waved fair and high;  
O would one friendly hand were ever found,  
One pitying hand to wipe the tearful eye!

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

Addressed to H. A. H\*\*\*\*

You tell me that you truly love;  
Ah! know you well what love does mean?  
Does neither whim nor fancy move  
The raptures of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think  
On every look, on every sigh?  
Do you in melancholy sink,  
And doubt and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say  
How much you love you cannot tell?  
Does a look melt your soul away,  
A touch your nerves with transport swell?

Could you for her, fame, wealth, despise,  
In poverty and toil feel blest;  
Drink sweet delusion from her eyes,  
And smile at ruin on her breast?

The charms of every other fair,  
With coldness could you learn to view,  
Fondly unchang'd, to her repair  
With transports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,  
Would death your only refuge prove?  
Ah! if in sought you hesitate,  
Henry—you cannot say you love.

F.

For the Minerva.

## THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

As the herald of light, the day-star, adorning  
The brow of the night, with the blushes of morning,  
Prepares us for day lest the sun should arise,  
And dazzle to blindness, for ever, our eyes

Thus Heaven foretelling when life should have end,  
And to Paradise fleeing the spirit ascend,  
That the soul unprepared for a splendour so bright,  
Would be blasted and burned in the fulness of light;

In mercy has given, a star, whose pure ray  
Might herald to heaven the soul on its way,  
That accustomed awhile on its beauty to gaze,  
We might shrink not and fall not to meet the full blaze.

To all who have panted for regions above,  
This guide has been granted, this token of love;  
To none but hearts steel'd in the armour of pride,  
'Gainst each gentle emotion, this gift is denied.

This planet in kindness thus giv'n to our wants,  
To enlighten that blindness the spirit that daunts,  
And by gentle transition the soul to prepare  
For the raptures of heaven and the joys that bloom there.

Is the pure and soothing affection of those,  
On whose constant abiding in love we repose  
Our hopes of the bliss of our portion in life,  
And of comfort and hope in the last fatal strife;

For if ever on earth, a foretaste was given  
Of the joys that have birth, for the regions of heav'n,  
'Tis the perfect and blissful delight which we prove,  
When we hold to our bosoms the forms which we love;

And feel, that the breast which now throbs 'gainst our own,  
Reposes for rest on our bosom alone,  
And taste in the joys of communion so sweet,  
The bliss with which spirits in Paradise meet.

May, 1823.

ARIEL.

## MAY BALLAD.

Hence, ye solitary sage,  
Pensive spleen, and drooping age,  
Faded sons of wrinkl'd care,  
Meager envy, pale despair.  
To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

Come ye lightly-hearted throng,  
Peaceful friendship bring along;  
Rory vigour, lively youth,  
Dimpl'd pleasure, smiling truth.  
To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

To her blooming lanes advance,  
Round her fragrant altars dance;  
Far from sorrow, free from fear,  
Sweet security dwells here.

To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

On the sunny cowslip laid,  
In the silv'ry hawthorn's shade,  
Zephyr painted Flora meets,  
Wafting tributary sweets.  
To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

Hark! the birds on every spray,  
How they pour their amorous lay?  
Pleasure fills each warbling grove,  
Every breath's the breath of love.  
To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

Hope may trust a future day,  
Cautious age may choose delay:  
Frail its prime, and short its pow'r,  
Youth should never lose an hour.

To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

Golden autumn, winter drear,  
Spring and summer forms the year;  
Life, like seasons, rolls away,  
Fleeting youth its only May.  
To the rites of sprightly May,  
Lads and lasses come away.

## Epigrams.

BY A LADY,

On hearing a gentleman say, he would never  
dance with a plain woman.

Young Damon vows, nay, hear him swear,  
He'll "dance with none but what are fair,"

Suppose we girls a law dispense,  
To dance with none but men of sense;  
Suppose you should—pray, ma'am, what then?  
Why, sir, you'd never dance again.

## SELF-FEELING IS FELLOW-FEELING.

In prime of life, Tom lost his wife;  
Says Dick, to soothe his pain—

"Thy wife I trow is long ere now,  
"In Abraham's bosom lain."

"His fate forlorn with grief I mourn!"  
The shrewd dissembler cries:  
"For much I fear, by this sad tear,  
"She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

## Recipe, to make a man of consequence.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,  
A frequent shrug of the *os humeri*,  
A nod significant, a stately gait,  
A blustering manner, and a tone of weight,  
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare,—  
Adapt all these as time and place will bear:  
Then rest assur'd—that those of little sense  
Will deem you, sure, a man of consequence.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Puzzles in our last.

## PUZZLE I.

The ruby lip of Moore's dear rose,  
And neck, and arm, and hand, disclose  
Treasure of fairest Pearl:  
Deprive that treasure of its head—  
The Upper House receives instead  
A rich and potent Earl.

Its head replace—and lop its tail—  
The Pearl will then your taste regale;  
Champagne is not so clear.  
Now take both head and tail away—  
And seek, if still your wit's astray,  
Its middle at your Ear.

PUZZLE II.—Because there is a week in the middle.

PUZZLE III.—Because there is but one (eye) I in it.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What has but two heads and one body?

II.

What is that which has no head, no thighs, a thin body, and but one eye?

III.

Why is a book like a room?

## CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1033 Henry I. his eldest son succeeded.  
1034 Romanus, the Emperor, put to death by his wife Zoe, who married and raised to the throne, Michael IV. or the Paphlagonian.  
1035 The Slavonians laid waste Saxony. Conrad refused them to obedience.  
— Death of Sanchez the Great.  
1036 Death of Canute, King of England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.  
— Harold his eldest son was crowned King of England.  
1037 Bermudo, third King of Leon, was killed in battle against the Kings of Castile and Navarre.  
— Michael, Greek Emperor, made a three years truce with the Egyptians, a peace with the Saracens in Syria, and reduced the island of Sicily.  
— Beginning of Thogrul-bey, who founded a mighty empire in Persia.  
1038 The Saracens defeated in a fresh attempt on Edassa.  
— Death of the last Caliph in Spain, or King of Cordova. The Saracens erected afterwards, as many sovereignties as there were cities.  
1039 Death of the Emperor, Conrad II. in the 15th year of his reign.  
— His son Henry III. succeeded.  
1040 Earthquake which destroyed Smyrna. The Saracens from Africa entered Sicily.  
1041 Fifteen thousand Bulgarians defeated near Thessalonica.  
— Death of Michael IV. in the eighth year of his reign. Michael V. surnamed Calaphates, succeeded.  
— The Polonese, after the death of their King Mieszko, took Casimir from a monastery, to seat him on the throne.  
1042 Death of Hardicanute, King of England, after two years reign.  
— Edward the confessor succeeded.  
— Michael V. deposed by the intrigues of Zoe, who caused his eyes to be put out; and raised Constantine IX. or Monomachus, to the throne.  
1043 The Russians defeated in Thrace in several engagements. The Seljoucids Turks completed the conquest of Persia.  
1046 Pope Clement II. crowned the Emperor Henry II.  
1048 The Greek Emperor made war in Media. The German Emperor bestowed the duchy of Lorraine on Gerard of Alsace: the first of the illustrious house of Lorraine.  
1053 Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote against the Latin church, and shut up their churches at Constantinople, that formed the Greek schism.  
— S. Leo, 9th Pope, was imprisoned by the Normans in Beneventum.  
1054 Death of Constantine Monomachus, Greek Emperor: Theodora, his widow, governed 19 months.  
1056 Death of Theodora, the Empress, aged 76. She appointed Michael VI. or Stratiotes, to succeed her.  
— Death of the Emperor Henry III. His son, Henry IV. five years old, succeeded.  
1057 Michael abdicated the empire; the army having chosen Isaac Comnenus, for their Emperor.  
— The Saxons revolting from Henry, chose another Prince who was defeated by the troops of Brunswick.  
1058 Robert Guiscard, the Norman, Duke of Apulia and Calabria, expelled the Saracens from Sicily, which he gave to his brother Roger.  
1059 Isaac, disgusted with human grandeur, abdicated the empire in favour of Constantine X. or Ducas.  
1060 Henry died, and left Philip his successor. 19 years old, under the guardianship of Baldwin, Count of Flanders.  
1061 Death of Ramirez, King of Arragon. His son, Sanchez-Ramirez, succeeded him.  
1063 Death of Thogrul-bey, leader of the Turks, called Seljoucides.  
1064 More than 70,000 Christians set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where they were all made prisoners or killed.  
1065 Death of Edward the Confessor, King of England, after a reign of 23 years.  
— Harold, a powerful nobleman, seized the crown.  
— Death of Ferdinand I. first king of Castile, and heir to the kingdom of Leon. He divided his dominions amongst his three sons.  
— The Slavonians again abjured the Christian religion, and put to death those who possessed it.  
1066 William, Duke of Normandy, cousin of King Edward, landed in England, and having defeated and slain Harold, ascended the throne under the title of William the Conqueror.

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